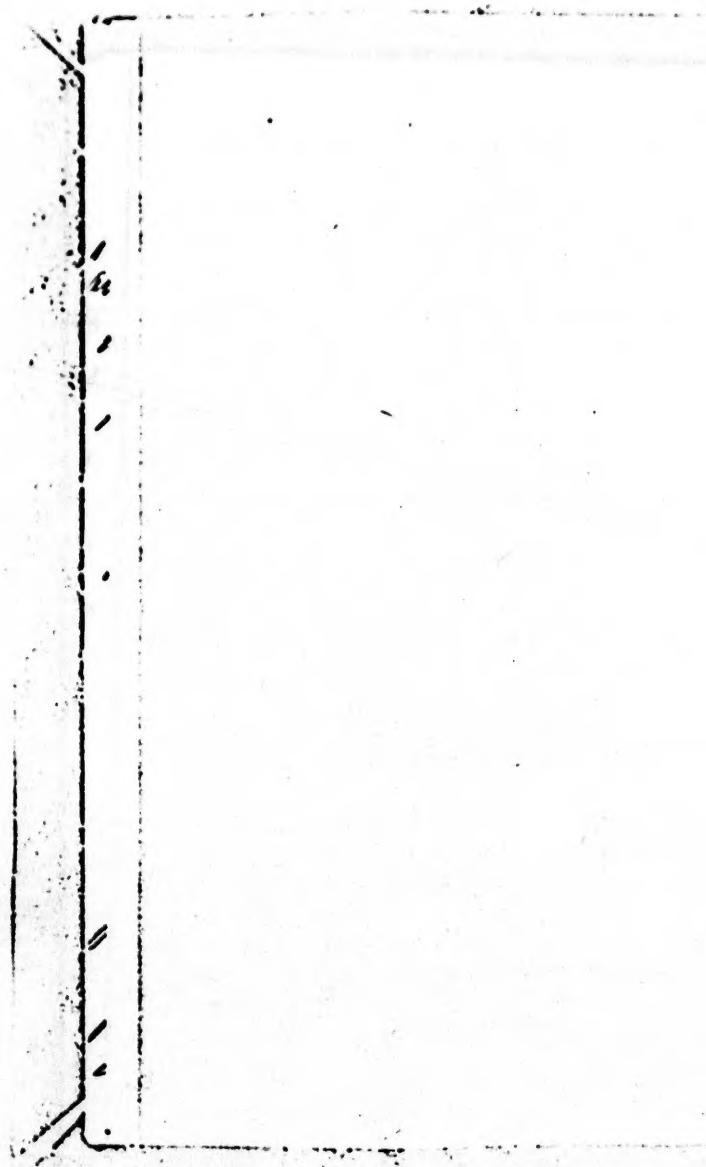




Closing Address

TO THE
**YOUNG MEN'S
IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION**
OF
THREE RIVERS;

AND
SOME SKETCHES
RELATIVE TO EARLY RECOLLECTIONS AND
FIRST HOME.

DELIVERED 27th APRIL 1852.

~~~~~  
*By a Scotchman and a Soldier.*  
~~~~~

THREE RIVERS:
PRINTED BY GEORGE STOBBS.
1852.

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CLOSING ADDRESS.

&c. &c.



Winter retiring with his waste of snows,
Proclaims his government now at a close ;
His blooming daughter Spring, whom all admire,
Assumes the sceptre and succeeds her sire :
With crown of flow'rs and robe of vernal green,
In beauty's bloom appears the Virgin Queen ;
Nature rejoices in her gentle sway,
And sweetly sings her coronation lay.
The cheerful anthem echoes through the grove,
From feather'd warblers in their songs of love.
The little playful lambs in sportive glee,
Hear the glad notes and dance upon the lea ;
The cattle strolling through their wide domain,
Low their responses to the joyous strain ;
The sprightly foal with light elastic bound,
In graceful canter circles round and round ;
Even poor old Dobbin, tho' he's twenty three,
Flings up his heels in perfect ecstasy.
Nature instructs the feather'd choir to sing,
Their song of welcome to the youthful spring,
And cheers the spirit of the tribes who roam,
In careless freedom through their pasture home.
Man feels an influence of a nobler kind,
Which elevates and purifies his mind :
Where e'er he walks and lifts his eyes abroad,
He sees the hand and hears the voice of God,

1
And adds to natures' sweet and artle
The rapturous hymn of gratitude and
His rational soul partakes the heav'n
And tastes the joy which holy angels

Young friends, allow me briefly to
A few remarks to you in this address
In life's spring morning, sunny, calm
While hope's sweet visions charm you
The promised future is a prospect fair
For length of days and happiness are
Manhood approaching like a summer
With cloudless sunshine beaming on t
And wint'ry age which seems so dist
Appears with cheerful hope upon his
Waiting in joyful trust the days decre
When life's descending sun shall set

May hope's fair scenery prove a pi
And all that's good be realized by yo
As you will shortly have to take your
As heads of families of the future ra
Look to it well, and see that you emp
The time and talents which you now
To fit yourselves for public usefulness
And add fresh pleasure to domestic b
Tradesmen and merchants, honest m
And magistrates and legislators too,
We trust to see in you and such as y
By reading, study and keen observat
Enrich your minds with useful infor
Let moral beauty, rectitude and tru
Be the unfading ornaments of youth,

atures' sweet and artless lays
 hymn of gratitude and praise,
 soul partakes the heav'nly glow,
 joy which holy angels know.
 ds, allow me briefly to express,
 s to you in this address.
 g morning, sunny, calm and bright,
 sweet visions charm you with delight,
 future is a prospect fair,
 days and happiness are there.
 roaching like a summer's day,
 s sunshine beaming on the way,
 age which seems so distant now,
 cheerful hope upon his brow,
 ful trust the days decrease,
 descending sun shall set in peace.
 s fair scenery prove a picture true,
 good be realized by you.
 portly have to take your place,
 families of the future race,
 ell, and see that you employ
 talents which you now enjoy,
 ves for public usefulness,
 h pleasure to domestic bliss.
 nd merchants, honest men and true,
 tes and legislators too,
 ce in you and such as you,
 study and keen observation
 minds with useful information.
 eauty, rectitude and truth,
 ing ornaments of youth,

And though that riches may not crown your store,
 Nor fortune lade you with her yellow ore,
 Maintain a character unstained by blot,
 And never blush to wear a homely coat.
 For know while passing through this mortal state,
 'Tis better to be good than to be great.
 Health, friends and home are blessings you possess,
 And these make much of human happiness.

Let national prejudice be laid aside,
 With all its bitterness and party pride;
 What matter whether your forefathers chance
 To come from Britain or were born in France;
 You're all Canadians now, and ought to feel
 A common interest in your country's weal:
 Each in his sphere, tho' narrow it may be,
 Should lend his aid for her prosperity.

As down the rapid stream of time you glide,
 May truest wisdom be your constant guide,
 And heaven's unerring Pilot steer you through,
 Where rocks and sands are hidden from the view.
 And when the troubled waters rise in strife,
 And storms o'ertake you on the voyage of life,
 Your skillful Captain at the helm shall stand,
 And guide you safely to the better land;
 So may you reach the harbour of the blest
 The peaceful haven of eternal rest.
 With your permission now we'll change the theme
 And tell some anecdote from memory's dream.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS,

When the sun is setting
In the glowing west,
And the light breeze getting
Nature hushed to rest ;

When twilight shades are creeping
O'er the distant hill,
And the lovely moon is sleeping
On the waters still ;

'Tis sad yet sweet to wander
Near some quiet stream,
And musingly to ponder
O'er life's changing dream,

Forget the joys and troubles
Of the passing day,
Or heed them but as bubbles
Coursing fast away ;

Bid memory bring the treasures
From her ample store,
The dreams of hope and pleasure
Of the days of yore ;

Call up the laughing faces.
Of youth's joyous day,
And meet them at the places
Where you used to play.

When the school vacation
Cheered the studious boy,
And brought sweet recreation
And a feast of joy.

RECOLLECTIONS, &c.

The sun is setting
 The glowing west,
 The light breeze getting
 The hushed to rest ;
 The twilight shades are creeping
 The distant hill,
 The lovely moon is sleeping
 The waters still ;
 Yet sweet to wander
 Some quiet stream,
 Longly to ponder
 Life's changing dream,
 The joys and troubles
 The passing day,
 The them but as bubbles
 The ng fast away ;
 They bring the treasures
 Their ample store,
 The ns of hope and pleasures
 The days of yore ;
 The laughing faces.
 The h's joyous day,
 The them at the places
 The you used to play.
 The school vacation
 The d the studious boy,
 The ht sweet recreation
 The east of joy.

When neither care nor sorrow
 Marr'd your raptures wild,
 For what about to-morrow
 Heeds the happy child.
 With hearts unknown to sadness
 Bounding light and free,
 You felt unmingled gladness
 In your boyish glee.
 Through flowery meadows dancing
 Light as fairies there,
 Or down the hill side prancing
 Fleet as mountain hare ;
 Or dashing through the river
 With a swimmer's art,
 And showing there how clever
 Each could play his part.
 Then on the green banks racing
 Free from clothes or care,
 'Till fairly tired with chasing
 Seek for fun elsewhere.
 Perhaps o'er rocks you scramble
 Where wild berries grow,
 Or through the woods you ramble
 'Till the sun is low.
 When the labourer closes
 His long day of toil,
 And trudging home reposes
 Where his children smile.
 You seek the milder pleasure
 Which a home bestows,

Where love, that holy treasure
In each bosom glows.

There happy sisters meet thee
With a joyous face,
And all with kindness greet thee
In that sacred place.

A mother fond carressing
Smiles upon you there,
Bestows her kiss and blessing
And her fervent prayer,
That he who keeps from folly
And each sinful snare,
Would make you good and holy
As he made you fair.

Perhaps a grandsire hoary
Doating on his child,
Will please with many a story
All thy fancies wild,

'Till darkness close is veiling
Nature's dusky face,
And drowsiness comes stealing
Through your dwelling place

Ere age or youth reposes
Or for rest repair,
God's solemn worship closes
Ev'ry evening there.

The book of inspiration
Is read with pious care,
And peace and consolation
Is found in praise and prayer

love, that holy treasure,
 each bosom glows.
 happy sisters meet thee
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 solemn worship closes
 the evening there.
 book of inspiration
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 peace and consolation
 find in praise and prayer.

The family voices blending
 In sweet measures rise,
 On wings of faith ascending
 Pleasing sacrifice.
 And prostrate, meek and lowly
 Family sins confess,
 And plead with the most holy
 His redeeming grace,
 And that he still would lead you
 With a father's hand,
 And through the desert guide you
 To the promised land.
 In hours of calm reflection
 Memory back will stray,
 In faithful recollection
 To youth's early day.
 Dear images will hover
 Round your mental sight,
 Which love still lingers over
 With a fond delight;
 You'll think on words were spoken
 Many years ago,
 And every tender token
 Love did then bestow,
 On her who watched you sleeping
 When you sank to rest.
 And kneeled beside you weeping
 When with pain oppressed.
 The all-enduring kindness
 Of a father's way.

His grief and partial blindness
When you went astray.
Young friends again surround you !
All so lov'd and dear,
And one whose sweet spell bound you
She is blushing near ;
With mild eyes softly beaming,
Glowing sweet and fair,
You see her in your dreaming,
Smiling on you there,
'Till reason's voice comes slowly
Breaking on your ear,
And truth who whispers lowly
Where now are they—where.
Where grassy mounds are swelling
In yon valley dear,
You see their lowly dwelling
And you drop a tear.
Or some have found a pillow
Where they rest their head,
Beneath the noisy billow
In an ocean bed.
Of all who used to meet thee
In youth's golden prime,
How few, alas ! now greet thee
Of the olden time.
When the sun is sitting
In the glowing west.
And the light breeze getting
Nature hush'd to rest,

'Tis sad yet sweet to wander
 Near some quiet stream,
 And musingly to ponder
 O'er life's changing dream.

THE SETTLER'S SONG.

The Moon was up, the forest trees
 Bent lightly to the gentle breeze.
 It was a sweet, romantic spot,
 The glen where stood old Simon's cot :
 A valley clad with ripening grain,
 Which like a sea waved o'er the plain ;
 And fields of clover full in bloom,
 Which filled the air with sweet perfume,
 On either hand the pasture ground
 By nature's noble shrubb'ry crowned,
 Which formed a shady cool retreat
 For cattle from the summer's heat.
 A stream of water clear as light
 Came running from a distant height
 Dancing and singing down the hill,
 And at the bottom turn'd a mill ;
 Then wheeling off to left and right,
 And sometimes forming figure eight,
 It hid among the trees, and soon
 It held a mirror to the moon,
 Who now shone forth in cloudless light
 The lovely sovereign of the night.
 Old Simon coaxed this pretty brook
 By winding round a fairy nook

To pass his door, and then to stray
Right through his garden all the way.
It oft supplied the place of showers,
Watering his plants and shrubs and flow
Escaping from his garden, then
It wandered down the bonny glen
In gentle murmers soft and low
To meet St. Lawrence far below,
Who swept along in graceful pride
To join the ocean's mighty tide.
Close by a grove of maple trees
Whose leaves were quivering in the breeze
Amid retirement and repose
The settler's simple dwelling rose ;
'Twas white as snow, and far was seen,
Contrasting with the foilage green,
With neat verandah for a shade
And gallery where to promenade ;
And, as I said to you before,
The brook ran past the very door.
As Moore has sung in happiest mood
It was a cottage near a wood,
And looked so modest sweet and fair
That peace might be expected there.
Reclining on a summer's seat
Of rustic taste, yet trim and neat,
Old Simon, nature's artless child,
Was chanting o'er his ditty wild.
And, as I musing trudged along
I paused to hear the settler's song,
Who was a poet in his way,
And had compos'd this simple lay.

and then to stray
 garden all the way.
 place of showers,
 s and shrubs and flowers ;
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 the bonny glen
 soft and low
 nce far below,
 n graceful pride
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 you before,
 t the very door.
 g in happiest mood
 ear a wood,
 lest sweet and fair
 be expected there.
 mer's seat
 trim and neat,
 's artless child,
 his ditty wild.
 rudged along
 he settler's song,
 his way,
 this simple lay.

" There's ae sweet spot I lang to see—
 A bonny, simple, hamely spot—
 An' oh ! it's very dear to me,
 An' aften am I thinkin' o't ;
 For though I've been sae lang awa'
 That now my locks are growing gray,
 My early hame, that humble ha',
 I min' as weel as yesterday.

" Its snaw-white wa's amang the knowes,
 Look'd aye sae cozie, neat, an' clean ;
 Enchanting were its fairy howes,
 Its siller burn, an' flow'ry green ;
 An' though that splendour hadna lent
 Her gaudy han' to mak' it braw,
 The happiest o' my days were spent
 Beneath its humble roof o' straw.

" 'Twas there affection sweet an' mild,
 Spak' kindly frae a mither's e'e ;
 A father on his bairnies smil'd,—
 A kinder father couldna be ;
 A brither and a sister dear
 Shar'd a' my little joys an' waes,—
 Where'er I stray'd they still were near,
 Beside the burn or 'mang the trees.

" Our simple joys an' blameless mirth
 Kenn'd little o' remorse or care ;
 Contentment smil'd around our hearth,
 And crown'd ilk earthly comfort there ;
 An' if we couldna boast o' wealth,
 'Neath poverty we didna mourn ;

We had that best o' blessings, health,
An' gear enough to do our turn.

" At times our labour might be hard,
But aft it was a sweet employ ;
Each season had its ain reward,
An' brought to us a feast o' joy.
When Spring cam' smilin' up the glen,
Like bloomin' maid in flow'ry claes,
O ! how the young heart bounded then
To meet her on the sunny braes.

" Soon as the laverock soaring rose,
An' offer'd up his morning lay,
Nature awoke frae sweet repose,
An' welcom'd in the vernal day ;
The lammies rac'd along the plain,
Where daisies grew beneath their feet ;
The linties warbl'd o'er their strain,
In melodies sae mild an' sweet.

" The blackbird's rich and mellow voice
Swell'd through the hollow, bushy glen ;
The mavis seem'd to say, ' Rejoice,
For bonny Spring is come again' ;
The ploughman whistl'd at his toil ;
The milkmaid charm'd him wi' her song ;
While rural pleasure, wi' a smile,
Invited love to join the throng.

" When darkness spreads the veil o' night,
An' busy fancy rules the min',
In dreams I visit wi' delight
The fav'rite scenes o' auld langsyne :

essings, health,
do our turn.

might be hard,
et employ ;
a reward,
feast o' joy.
illin' up the glen,
in flow'ry claes,
art bounded then
sunny braes.

ok soaring rose,
morning lay,
weet repose,
e vernal day ;
ang the plain,
y beneath their feet ;
er their strain,
d an' sweet.

and mellow voice
e hollow, bushy glen ;
say, ' Rejoice,
come again' ;
I'd at his toil ;
n'd him wi' her song ;
wi' a smile,
the throng.

ads the veil o' night,
s the min',
elight
o' auld langsyne :

I see the hills an' heather blue,
The broomy knowes an' flow'ry braes,
Where closely pass me in review
The dear lov'd freens o' ither days.

" I aften meet the happy throng
Wha to the parish church repair,
An' join them in the sacred song
That sweetly fills the house o' prayer.
The shifin' scene will change anew :
I weep beside a mither's grave ;
Or partin' freens have said ' Adieu,'
An' I am on the Western wave.

" Is there a man on this broad earth
Wi' heart o' ice an' soul sae chill,
Wha can forget his place o' birth ;
Its scenes o' river, vale an' hill ;
The cot where first a father smil'd,
Where last he saw a mither's tear ;
The freens wha lov'd him when a child ;
An' a' that mak's ane's country dear !

" If such were found amang our race,
The Indian savage, fierce an' wild,
Would shun an' mark him wi' disgrace,
Nor Nature own him as her child.
However far in youth we roam
O'er foreign shore, o'er foreign wave,
In after years we sigh for home,
If only but to find a grave.

" O ! but I lang to see ance mair
The spot where stood my early hame,

Although I'd be a stranger to
 Wi' few to recollect my name
 To muse in solitude a while
 An' drop affection's holy
 Close by yon auld cathedral
 Where rest the freens I lo

The simple laureate of the
 Whose years might be three
 Had left his country when a
 And settled in the forest wild
 There, with his skill and ac
 Had made the lonely desert
 For far and near, as could be
 His fields were dress'd in r
 And plenty fill'd his ample
 The old man scarcely wish
 But oft he sigh'd, in mem'r
 For Scotland and his early

THE OLD PARISH

Eliza Cook sings the old "F
 And "the old Barn" and the
 And how sweet is her song a
 Through the visions of memo
 he opens the door of the h
 Where the youngsters had u
 You examine each nook wi
 book
 In such beautiful disorder la

ough I'd be a stranger there,
 i' few to recollect my name :
 nuse in solitude a while,
 n' drop affection's holy tear,
 e by yon auld cathedral pile,
 Where rest the freens I lov'd sae dear."

simple laureate of the glen,
 ose years might be three score and ten,
 I left his country when a child,
 I settled in the forest wild ;
 ere, with his skill and active toil,
 I made the lonely desert smile—
 far and near, as could be seen,
 fields were dress'd in richest green—
 d plenty fill'd his ample store,—
 e old man scarcely wish'd for more,
 t oft he sigh'd, in mem'ry's dream,
 r Scotland and his early hame.

THE OLD PARISH SCHOOL.

Cook sings the old "Farm Gate,"
 "the old Barn" and the "old Mill Stream,"
 how sweet is her song as she warbles along
 ough the visions of memory's dream ;
 opens the door of the household room
 ere the youngsters had used to play,
 examine each nook where the toy and the
 book
 uch beautiful disorder lay :

And who can refuse to contribute a tear
 To her "Old Household Clock," and her "Old
 Arm Chair."

'Tis strange how our warmest feelings cling
 To life's morning scenes cloudless and fine,
 How we love to look back over memory's track
 To the beautiful days of langsyne.
 I often think on the old Parish School
 Where I first learned the A B C,
 And when time had gone round there declining
 the noun

Was a very sore puzzler to me ;
 Tho' the verb to love was made easy and plain,
 When I look'd on the Dominie's daughter Jane.

When nature told that spring had arrived
 With the linnet, the lark and the bee,
 And with magical voice bade each creature re-
 joice

At her feast so abundant and free.
 With bannock's and boqks in my satchel dispos'd
 How delighted I scampered away,
 Through the braes where the broom and the whins
 were in bloom

And the light-hearted lambs were at play,
 There each morning I met by appointment and
 rule
 Some friends who were bound for the old Parish
 School.

Our way to the school lay through a glen,
 Like some fairy-land lovely and fair,

Where the wild flow'rs in blo
perfume

And with their fragrance fill

A beautiful burnie ran by o

And the blue berries grew

While the larks loud and lon

rous song.

In an anthem so holy and sw

On Lossie's fair banks at the

Stood the old Parish School
mill.

The "Old Parish School"
straw,

And the floor was paved sm

On a high oaken seat like a

There the Dominie set on h

'Tho' marked by decision ye

Of severity none could comp

And the second in rule in th

Was the Dominie's fair daug

A sweet blooming creature v

To disturb the peace of a yo

From far and near the studen

At the rural academy hall,

Where our rector so kind pou

With unwearied attention to

From the little beginner who

That the O was quite round

To the youth who could soar

And aspir'd to a clerical gov

re the wild flow'rs in bloom shed their scented
perfume
with their fragrance filled the air.
autiful burnie ran by our side,
the blue berries grew at our feet,
e the larks loud and long poured their raptu'-
rous song.

n anthem so holy and sweet.
ossie's fair banks at the foot of the hill,
d the old Parish School, and the old Parish
mill.

"Old Parish School" was thatched with
straw,
the floor was paved smoothly with stone,
high oaken seat like a ruler in state
re the Dominie set on his throne.
marked by decision yet mild was his sway,
verity none could complain;
the second in rule in the Old Parish School
the Dominie's fair daughter Jane.
weet blooming creature well fitted I ween
sturb the peace of a youth of fifteen.

far and near the students convened
e rural academy hall,
e our rector so kind poured light on the mind
unwearied attention to all;
the little beginner who just could tell
the O was quite round like the moon,
e youth who could soar to the summit of lore
aspir'd to a clerical gown;

Some forty to fifty assembled each day
Devoted to learning, to mischief or play.

Our worthy teacher, tho' homely and plain,
Had a mind well replenished with lore,
He could read write and speak in the Latin and
Greek,

And the Classics expound and explore;
He taught navigation, the use of the globes,
And mathematics each problem and rule,
And some stars who shine bright in literature's
line

Dawned first at the Old Parish School;
Distinguish'd by eloquence far above par,
Now adorn the senate, the pulpit, or bar.
The Dominie's daughter taught me with ease
Love's first tender lessons of joy,
Tho' the rules of Murray, I own it with sorrow,
Where too hard for the poor simple boy.
I managed with credit to pass through the
"Grey's,"

Where the questions were easy and plain,
But all deep transactions in practice and fractions
I got done by the Dominie's Jane;
Who was clever at figures, obliging and kind,
An excellent teacher just to my mind.
Tho' drawing was not taught as a branch,
Nor sketching by lesson or rule,
Yet a part of each day in that innocent way
We passed at the "Old Parish School;"
Whenever hard questions baffled our skill
And the answers would not agree,

Then we took to the plan of
 O drawing a house or a tree
 If the Dominic chanced to pass
 The cuff and the sleeve were

The "Old Parish School,"
 Was head quarters for frolic
 What a racket and rout as we
 When released at the hour of
 The tumult of voices with cheer
 Announced that the prisoners
 And the loud shout of joy from
 boy

Rang forth in a torrent of glee
 When the wild out-burst took
 We formed in different parties
 Up hands was the cry for him
 'Mongst the broom where we
 Or up hands, and hurra! for
 Or for old blindman's buff on
 Some eagerly watch'd their
 So gracefully soaring away,
 While at profit and loss gam
 Their comrades were busy a
 If the minister's mare graz'd
 Some youngster would mount
 tail.

Others would oft for the river
 And the youth was their leader
 Who was foremost to rush o
 bush
 And could dive to the opposite

we took to the plan of sketching a man
drawing a house or a tree.

Dominie chanced to pass near the sent
buff and the sleeve went to work on the slate.

"Old Parish School," tho' learning's seat,
head quarters for frolic and play,
a racket and rout as we all turn'd out
released at the hour of mid-day ;
tumult of voices with caps in the air
bounced that the prisoners were free,
the loud shout of joy from each light-hearted
boy

forth in a torrent of glee,
in the wild out-burst to good order gave way
formed in different parties for play.

hands was the cry for hide and go seek
against the broom where we cannot be seen,
p hands, and hurra ! for the club and the ba'
or old blindman's buff on the green.

e eagerly watch'd their kites as they rose
racefully soaring away,

e at profit and loss gaming at pitch and toss
r comrades were busy at play.

e minister's mare graz'd down in the vale,
e youngster would mount with his face to the
tail.

rs would oft for the river to swim,
the youth was their leader and guide,
was foremost to rush o'er the bank and the
bush

could dive to the opposite side :

And then the beautiful sport and fun
To sail in an old washing tub,
And the loud laugh and scream when upset in the
stream

Sprawled one of the boating club.
Then the bare-footed races would start in their
pride

When garments as cumber were all laid aside.

How free was the laugh that rang through the air,
How happy and cloudless each brow ;
But I ask with a sigh as the vision flits by
Alas ! and where are they all now.
The flowers of the grave have bloomed and de-
cayed

For full many a spring time and fall,
O'er the fairest and best in their mansions of rest
And over one who was dearest of all.
Death's low silent hall is the teacher's abode,
And Jane's gentle spirit has return'd to her God.

When twenty years had silently passed
Down the fleet gliding river of time,
From a far away shore I returned once more
To revisit my dear native clime.
I sought the old school and the friends of langsyne
For I long'd for their welcome embrace,
But the friends of that day had all passed away
And a change had come over the place.
A new Parish School neatly slated and fair,
A new race of scholars and teachers are there.

THE CONV

The "Peter" was flying, the
And the "Justice" was bo
world,

The seamen sung lightly the
Nor thought of the poor suff
Their limbs gall'd with fette
remorse,

Existence seem'd only prolon
Hope died in the soul, and th
O'ersadow'd the spirits of
One poor hoary man, for hun
Was permitted a while to
The few straggling hairs on h
And he seem'd in the twilight
With a sigh he look'd round
place,

Whilst the tears as he gaz'd t
face,

With faltering accents at len
And these were the words of
"The home of my childhood
And all that is sacred and de
Must I bid you farewell, and
Shall mine eye wander over
plain !

Those fields I've so lightly tr
While my heart in its innocen
The wood, and the vale, and th
Where I've stray'd with my M
dream ;

THE CONVICT.

Peter" was flying, the sails were unfurl'd,
 he "Justice" was bound for the southern
 world,
 seamen sung lightly their cheerful heave ho,
 thought of the poor suffering wretches below;
 limbs gall'd with fetters, their hearts with
 remorse,
 hence seem'd only prolong'd for a curse.
 died in the soul, and the gloom of despair
 shadow'd the spirits of all that were there.
 poor hoary man, for humanity's sake,
 permitted a while to remain on the deck;
 few straggling hairs on his temples were gray,
 he seem'd in the twilight of life's closing day;
 a sigh he look'd round on his dear native
 place,
 let the tears as he gaz'd trickled down his pale
 face,
 faltering accents at length he began,
 these were the words of the poor, aged man:
 the home of my childhood, the land of my birth,
 all that is sacred and dear upon earth,
 I bid you farewell, and never again,
 mine eye wander over each green cover'd
 plain!
 the fields I've so lightly travers'd when a boy,
 the my heart in its innocence bounded with joy,
 wood, and the vale, and the soft singing stream,
 ere I've stray'd with my Mary, in love's happy
 dream;

And yonder dear cot, where I made her my bride,
 The cot where my fathers were born, lived and
 died;
 There my children grew up in the pride of my days,
 And I gazed with delight on their innocent ways;
 While the fond glance of love in each look that
 was given,
 Beam'd sweet on my soul, as the sunshine of
 heav'n;
 And the soft soothing tones of each word that was
 spoken,
 Rejoic'd this poor heart, that's now wounded and
 broken,
 Those voices are mute in the still, narrow bed,
 Their eyes cannot witness the tears which I shed,
 Their heart cannot grieve for the sufferings I bear,
 Nor the tale of my sorrows shall torture their ear,
 But with those of our kindred, departed before.
 They rest in that land where all troubles are o'er;
 I hoped to have slept in the same house of clay,
 Where the bones of my fathers have crumbled
 away,
 Where the wife of my love, and our darlings
 repose,
 That my poor wearied frame would have rested
 with those;
 But of all that is soothing on earth, I'm bereft,
 Not even this last consolation is left;
 But the land of the felon for me must supply,
 A home while I live, and a grave when I die."
 As the swift gliding bark bore away from the strand
 The Poacher lost sight of his own happy land,

Then sadly he gaz'd on th
And his mournful lament d

THE AULD

When Bonaparte had r
And peace had smile
An' lads forloughten wi
Were pension'd au' s

Ae simmer's day when
Was dress'd in gayes
A man sair broken dow
Gaed cripplin' by the

His coat o' blue, the bo
The clath that winna
An' knapsack show'd t
A sodger i' the train

He wore a medal on hi
Upon his brow a sca
A bandage round a wo
The livery o' the wa

Hard service and a for
Had ting'd his locks
But martial fire bearn'
Which shone as brig

Hope like an angel che
An' he began to fee
The breezes o' his me
Wou'd shortly mak

en sadly he gaz'd on the wild, tossing seas,
 And his mournful lament died away on the breeze.

THE AULD SODGER.

When Bonaparte had ran his race
 And peace had smiled again,
 An' lads forfoughten wi' the war
 Were pension'd au' sent hame.

Ae simmer's day when nature fair
 Was dress'd in gayest bloom,
 A man sair broken down wi' war
 Gaed cripplin' by the town.

His coat o' blue, the bonny blue
 The claith that winna stain,
 An' knapsack show'd that he had been
 A sodger i' the train.

He wore a medal on his breast,
 Upon his brow a scar,
 A bandage round a wounded knee
 The livery o' the war.

Hard service and a foreign clime,
 Had ting'd his locks wi' grey,
 But martial fire beam'd in his e'e
 Which shone as bright as day.

Hope like an angel cheer'd him on
 An' he began to feel
 The breezes o' his mountain hame
 Wou'd shortly mak him weel.

Wi' hirplin' step an' oter crutch
 The veteran limp'd along,
 An' as he near'd Glenladrach's braes
 He rais'd his simple sang.

" My native hills, my native hills,
 My heart louns at the view,
 Far hae I trudg'd an' muckle seen
 Sin' last I look'd on you.

" But where's the spot tho' e'er so fair
 That ever met my gaze,
 That has the simple hamely charms
 O' Scotland's bonny braes.

" The mountains o' my mither lan'
 Are dearer far to me
 Then a' the rich an' scented groves
 I've seen ayont the sea.

" How sweetly blooms yon broomy knowes
 How rich the heather braes,
 An' yonder is the daisy green
 Whar lassies bleach their claes.

" For weel I mind ilk hillock yet
 There's nae a muckle stane
 But tells some touchin' tale to me
 O' days that's past an' gane.

" For yonder on the flow'ry braes
 We barnies us'd to play,
 An' through yon green I've often stray'd
 Wi' my sweet Jeannie Gray.

T
A

" O cou'd I think she st
How happy wou'd I b
Tho' alter'd sair nae do
She'd aye be dear to

" I see, I see my father
Within that humble ha
The evenin' o' my hard
Will calmly slip awa'

" How blithe I'll spend
Among that loving fe
How pleas'd they'll be t
O' France an' Water

The veteran in his drea
Forgot his wounded l
He flung awa' his oxten
As far as he could s

Then rais'd his bonnet f
An' gae three hearty
An' syne gaed whistlin
" The British Grenad

THE TRAVELL

The sitting sun forsook th
As night's fair Queen a
And sweet and grateful v
When welcome twiligh
day.

O cou'd I think she still were mine
How happy wou'd I be,
ho' alter'd sair nae doubt wi' time
She'd aye be dear to me.

I see, I see my father's cot
Within that humble ha'
The evenin' o' my hard spent life
Will calmly slip awa'.

How blithe I'll spend the winter nights
Among that loving few,
How pleas'd they'll be to hear me tell
O' France an' Waterloo.

The veteran in his dream of joy
Forgot his wounded knee,
He flung awa' his oter crutch
As far as he could see.

Then rais'd his bonnet frae his brow
An' gae three hearty cheers,
An' syne gaed whistlin' up the glen
"The British Grenadiers."

THE TRAVELLER'S DREAM.

The sitting sun forsook the glowing west
As night's fair Queen assum'd her milder sway,
And sweet and grateful was the pause of rest,
When welcome twilight closed the summer's
day.

Weary and faint I sought the night's repose,
And balmy sleep sooth'd ev'ry aching pain,
While fancy drew her scenes of joys and woes,
And dreaming shadows floated o'er my brain.

Methought a wanderer's life was mine no more,
And I had ceas'd from land to land to roam;
I saw with bounding heart my native shore,
And reach'd the borders of my earliest home.

All nature smiled refresh'd with vernal showers,
The fields were mantled in the robe of spring,
The breeze was scented with the mountain flowers,
And far on high the lark did sweetly sing.

Each mossy stone, each hillock by the way,
Each flowery glen that opened to my sight,
Rehearsed the story of some former day,
And spoke of friends whose eyes are clos'd in
night.

The Parish School now close before me lay
Where oft I mingled with the happy throng;
It was the welcome joyous hour of play,
And youthful laughter there was loud and long
Near stood the church where oft the words of grace
Like heavenly balm fell on my spirit there;
With chasten'd feelings I approach'd the place,
And knelt once more within that house of
prayer.

Slowly I passed the dear, the sacred spot,
By Lossie's daisied banks and winding stream,

Where oft to one whose place on earth
I told with throbbing heart I
dream.

At length I reach'd the cottage door
'Twas there I spent the sunshiny
I paus'd as I approach'd my father
And list'ning heard the evening

My elder brother raised the sacred
My sister's thrilling notes were
My father's rustic strains were wild
But, oh ! my mother's voice was

The psalm was ended and the prayer
E'er I received each dear, dear friend
I vow'd to them that we should part
Till death consign'd me to the land

My sister bathed my cheek with tears
In vain my brother with his feet
My aged father bless'd his long loss
With all the fervour of a parent

But human happiness will quickly
My vision vanished like the setting sun
And all the scenes which busy fancy
Were but the sweet delusions of

to one whose place on earth is not,
with throbbing heart love's rapturous
n.

I reach'd the cottage on the moor,
here I spent the sunshine of my days,
as I approach'd my father's door,
'ning heard the evening hymn of praise.

brother raised the sacred song,
er's thrilling notes were sweet and clear,
s rustic strains were wild and strong,
! my mother's voice was wanting there.

was ended and the prayer was o'er,
ceived each dear, dear friend's embrace,
to them that we should part no more,
th consign'd me to the land of peace.

bathed my cheek with tears of joy,
my brother with his feelings strove,
father bless'd his long lost boy
the fervour of a parent's love.

happiness will quickly fade—
on vanished like the setting beam,
e scenes which busy fancy made,
ut the sweet delusions of a dream,